And what may make him blush in being knowne,
Heele stop the course by which it might be knowne,
With hostile forces heele ore-spread the land,
And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,
Amazement shall driue courage from the state,
Our men be vanquisht ere they doe resist,
And subiects punisht that nere thought offence,
Which care of them,not pittie of my selfe,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my bodie pine,and soule to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter all the Lords to Pericles.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your sacred brest.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your mind till you returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.

Hel. Peace,peace,and giue experience tongue,
They doe abuse the King that flatter him,
For flatterie is the bellowes blowes vp sinne,
The thing the which is flattered,but a sparke,
To which that sparke giues heate,and stronger
Glowing,whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men,for they may erre,
When *signior* sooth here does proclaime peace,
He flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince paadon me,or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs else:but let your cares ore-looke,
What shipping,and what ladings in our hauen,
And then returne to vs,*Hellicans* thou hast,
Mooude vs,what seest thou in our lookes?

Hel. An angrie brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
How durst thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hel. How dares the plants looke vp to heauen,

From